Famous Loves of Famous Americans

By Robert Stephens

A LAD, of 13 entered the office of Hooper & Company in Stone street, New York, one day in 1794. He had a letter of introduction to the head of the house from his father, a merchant of Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. Hooper read the letter, assured the boy he was happy to meet the son of a man with whom he had done business so many years, and then inquired when the boy had arrived, how he had traveled and how long he was to be in the city.

The boy told him he had come by stage coach.

"Not alone!" exclaimed Mr. Hooper.

"Alone," replied the lad.

"Extraordinary," said Mr. Hooper. "I never heard of such a thing before."

The boy looked at Mr. Hooper with mild surprise.

"Father means that I shall be self-reliant," he explained.

Mr. Hooper was not content until he got all the details of the boy's journey—an unusual one for a child of his age to make unattended in those days. The lad had stopped at Baltimore for a few days and at Philadelphia for a week, taking advantage of the opportunity to visit every place of historical interest or importance in those cities. His mission to New York was to attend school in Flatbush, on Long Island, in that educational establishment out of which has grown the Erasmus hall of today.

"You must make my house your home," said Mr. Hooper. "It's a long distance from here to Flatbush, but we can arrange to have a horse for your use on the Brooklyn side of the river."

The boy shook his head. He expressed his appreciation of Mr. Hooper's kindness, but would not impose on that gentleman's good nature. A compromise was made by which the youngster was to spend Sundays and holidays with the Hoopers.

The North Carolina boy spent that night as the guest of the Hoopers, and when he left the next morning to find his own way to Flatbush, Mr. Hooper declared to his wife that he never had seen so strange a lad before.

"He has the air and confidence of a grown man," he said, "and, besides that, he has a good business head. His father is the richest man in Wilmington and has made a companion of this, his only child, since the boy was able to toddle."

"Poor laddie," sighed Mrs. Hooper, "he has had no childhood. His mother died when he was born and the father, in his affection, has cheated him out of the precious heritage of youth—companionship with those of his own age."

The boy was Johnston Blakely. Never did the Flatbush school have a more serious minded youth enter its halls. He had no desire for the sports and games of the other pupils, but applied himself earnestly to his studies. His mind was well developed and he soon led in every branch of study.

An Irrepressible Playmate.

At first he seemed to accept the week-end visit to the home of the Hoopers in Manhattan as a matter of duty, but after a time he began to look forward to it with a fair bit of interest. The Hoopers had a daughter, Jane, an irrepressible minx of ten, who first shocked and then amused the boy by mimicking his staid, set manner, but who got furiously angry if anyone else said a word against him. Life to her was all joy and laughter. She pestered Johnston until, in sheer despair, he took a passive part in games with her. It was silly, but there was no escape. Once started, he had to surrender to her demands more and more.

He bore this punishment calmly for nearly a year—a year that added two or three inches to his height and in which his figure became well knit and graceful. Then gradually the games became less irksome to him and, occasionally, he entered into them with something approaching interest.

The boys at the Flatbush school began to observe a change in "Old John," as they called him. He did not chill the ardor of roystering pupils with a frown as he had been known to do earlier in his attendance at the school, and once, when a lot of pupils got in disgrace through a skylarking affair which was carried beyond reasonable limits, he astonished the offenders and the master of the school by pleading for clemency for them so vigorously and so logically that both the offenders and their judge were amazed. The master could not help smiling when "Old John" argued that "folly was a concommitant of youth from which there was no escape."

Perhaps Johnston Blakely was thinking more at that moment of the impish Jane Hooper's pranks than of the escapades of the boys threatened with expulsion.

The second year at Flatbush had more of happiness for Johnston Blakely than he had known up to that time. The week ends and vacations were the great events to look forward to. He accepted the rumpling of his hair and the tweakings of his ears with such complacency that Jane had a suspicion that he rather enjoyed those attentions.

Mrs. Hooper, whose motherly heart had gone out to the boy, looked on with approval. She told her husband, in the privacy of her boudoir, that "John was beginning to know a little of boyhood."

But it was not to be for long. Toward the end of the second year at Flatbush word came from Wilmington that Johnston Blakely's father had died suddenly. The boy had to go home at once. He was the only child and his father's business and fortune were left to him.

Boy and Girl Letters.

It seemed strange to Johnston Blakely when he left New York that, much as he sorrowed over the death of his father, his grief was deeper over his separation from the Hoopers. He could not understand why he cried when Mrs. Hooper took him in her arms and kissed him and called him her boy, or why he dwelt with such fondness on Jane's passionate weeping at the idea of separation from him. He was not to know for many months how much that good family had come into his heart.

At Wilmington he had little to do but approve what the lawyers outlined about the carrying on of his father's business and the management of his property. Those things settled, he entered the University of North Carolina. It was a sad change from the happy surroundings of Flatbush and New York, but he had schooled himself too well in repressing his feelings to show how much he missed his northern friends.

From Jane he got letters regularly. Nothing was too unimportant for her to report. In one letter telling of the death of the cat she adored, the pages were spotted with her tears, and he, who had abominated the cat, felt sorrow because of the feline's passing. She told him of the new dresses, of her parties, of her quarrels, of her misbehavior now and then, and he, in turn, wrote long letters to her telling her much of his life in the university and occasionally, manlike, scolding her for something she had done or had failed to do.

The calm of his life in the university and his plans for the future were broken suddenly by news of the burning of the buildings in Wilmington which represented most of his fortune. There had been a great fire in the city and most of the structures in the business section had been wiped out. There was no insurance.

Mr. Hooper, when he heard of the disaster, offered a place in his office to young Blakely. Wilmington friends also offered to provide all the money he required to finish his education, but he declined these proffers, left the university and went into the navy as a midshipman.

In the ten years that followed the Hoopers heard little of Johnston Blakely. Occasionally, there came a letter from a far distant part of the world. There was some vivid stories sent by him from the Mediterranean, where he served under Preble and the heroic Decatur in the war against the Barbary pirates. Slowly and steadily he was working his way upward.

Few men had better schooling in the navy than Johnston Blakely. Under Rodgers, Dale, Decatur and Preble he cruised and saw action. There were few more distinguished officers and there were few better practical instructors. Blakely, naturally studious, earnest and thorough, absorbed the best that all had to give out.

When the war of 1812 came on he did not get command of a ship until he almost had lost hope of having the chance that all born leaders crave. When, at last, he was assigned to the Enterprise, he had high hope, but ill luck seemed to be his portion. He searched the seas for the enemy, but did not come across a British ship. Sixteen days after he left the Enterprise in obedience to orders to proceed to Maine and hurry work on the building of a new ship which he was to command, the Enterprise under the command of Captain Burrows, met the Boxer and fought and captured that vessel after an engagement that made Burrows a national hero.

Blakely Meets Jane Again.

It was while Blakely was depressed over what seemed his ill fortune that a letter came to him from Jane Hooper. He had not heard from her in years. She was visiting in Boston, she told him, and had heard much of him and of the vessel he was building. She was proud of the rank he had attained and the honor in which he was held, and she would pray for his success and his safety in the voyage upon which he was soon to embark.

The letter revived all the memories of the little of youth which Blakely had known and he had a great longing to meet once more the little girl who had done so much to bring sunshine into his life. The equipment for his ship was coming from Boston and there had been an annoying delay. By going to Boston he could hurry it forward and see once more the Jane of his boyhood.

It was a different Jane he met than the one he held in memory. The gay minx of twelve had changed to a petite, rather demure, but very graceful and charming woman. And the Johnston Blakely Jane Hooper saw was nothing like the Johnston Blakely the boy, except for the deep black of the eyes. Blakely's hair was now snow white. He had gone gray at 24 and was white haired before he was 30. She thought he was the most distinguished looking man she ever met. No doubt he was. Wherever he went people stopped to look at him. He was light of foot and rather slenderly built but unusually powerful. His features were handsome and his eyes extraordinarily brilliant. No one could do more with a crew. He was kindly and yet a fine disciplinarian. Sailors had not only respect, but affection, for him. They called him, as he had been called at school, "Old John."

The captain and Jane Hooper had much to talk about. He had to tell all that had happened since the day he had heard of his father's death and had hurried away to the south. He tried to gloss over the stories of storms and sea fight, but Jane showed a little of the temper of Jane of ten or twelve, and he was ordered to tell the details and he obeyed. She grieved over his disappointment in respect of the Enterprise, but she was sure, oh! so sure, he was going to become a great hero and make his name and the name of the Wasp memorable, and was so enthusiastic generally that the color came to Blakely's cheeks.

He told her much of the building of the Wasp and of the men he was training to handle the ship. There never was a better vessel of her inches built, he believed, and he wished she could see it. She wished it, too.

Day after day during that Boston visit the captain was a caller upon Jane Hooper. Each day she seemed more winsome, charming and lovable to him. He wondered why she never had wedded, she who might have chosen where she wished.

When he went back to Maine it was with a party of her friends who, like her, were eager to see the Wasp.

It was a joy to Blakely to take Jane Hooper all over the ship and show everything and explain everything to her. When he showed her the cabin that was to be his, she asked that he leave her for a few minutes.

The few minutes were long ones or seemed so to him. When he went to seek her there was a redness about the eyes that suggester tears and he asked if she had been weeping. She told him she wished to be alone to say the prayer she had spoken of in Boston.

A Sailor's Wooing.

Sailors, by nature of their calling, have to make short work of courtship. When Jane Hooper stepped from the deck of the Wasp she had promised to be the wife of Johnston Blakely. He went back with her to Boston, pleading, urging, insisting on an immediate marriage. And he had his way.

Within a month of their marriage the Wasp had to go away to sea. Never was there a better manned vessel or better commanded one in the American navy. That opinion has been given by Fenimore Cooper. It has been given, too, by Theodore Roosevelt, in his History of the Navy. Of the crew of 173, all knew the sea. All were New Englanders. Most of them had smelled powder in encounters with privateers, pirates, Spaniards, French, English or Malays.

News traveled slowly enough in that first quarter of the nineteenth century under the best of conditions, but traveled still more slowly in the war period. More than four months had elapsed after the departure of the Wasp before the first news came of her. Then it was a tale that thrilled the nation. It was that, in getting away from Maine, captain Blakely had cleverly eluded an English fleet and then had scooted across the Atlantic, taking up a cruising position near the western entrance to the British channel. On July 28 he had encountered the British brig sloop Reindeer, of which William Manners of the ducal house of Rutland, was commander. The Reindeer was equipped with shifting 12-lb. carronade, while the guns of the Wasp were stationary. The shifting guns gave the Reindeer the advantage of nine minutes of firing before the Wasp could get in proper position to return a shot.

So well trained were the crew of the Wasp that this attack was received without a sign of dismay. Men fell and others came forward to replace them. The minutes dragged slowly, each one bringing death and destruction, while the Wasp was being brought around. At last she was in place and then she opened fire. In nineteen minutes of such accurate fire as British ship never had been exposed to before, the Reindeer was cut to pieces. Every officer was killed or so severely wounded that he had been taken below. The ship was surrendered by the captain's clerk.

That fight stamped Johnston Blakely as the best single ship commander of the war of 1812 and so he is ranked by historians today.

From L'Orient Blakely's bride got a letter telling her of the contest. It told her, too, that he had taken the Wasp there for repairs which he was pushing with all speed, as he was eager for more action.

On August 27 he was out again. Within three days he had captured two prizes and had the whole British merchant marine alarmed. Then he cut out from a convoy protected by a 74-line of battleships a very valuable transport loaded with war material. The same day he attacked the British sloop of war Avon and after a furious fight captured her. A second British warship came up and Blakely again cleared for action. This second British ship was willing to oblige, but had to go to the rescue of the people of the Avon, which was sinking.

A British fleet of overwhelming force approached while Blakely was awaiting an end to the rescue of the people of the Avon and he had to sail away.

A Mystery of the Sea.

The Wasp then steered to the southwest, captured more prizes, and after doing more damage to English commerce and English warships than perhaps ever was done by one ship before, Blakely, whose force was depleted by the putting of prize crews on vessels captured, started to return home.

The country was ringing with his praise by this time. Congress voted a sword to him and the nation's thanks. North Carolina also voted a sword to him and prepared a great reception in his honor.

Weeks passed and the Wasp was not heard from. More weeks passed and then came a report that the Swedish brig Adonis had spoken the Wasp on October 9, 1814, in lat. 18 degrees, 25 N. long. 38 degrees, 10 west.

The New Year came, and with it peace, but not the Wasp. Never from that October day when spoken by the Adonis was the Wasp heard from. Her fate is one of the mysteries of the sea, like the fate of the Marie Celeste.

When America came to regard the Wasp as lost, there was a general mourning and then inquiry was made as to Blakely's wife. The news that this inquiry brought touched the nation's sympathy. A child, a girl, had been born to the widow of the great captain.

Congress sent a committee to lay by the baby's crib the sword it had voted to the father who was dead.

North Carolina sent its governor, the president of its senate and the speaker of its house of representatives to deliver the sword its legislature had awarded.

And then North Carolina, in one of those bursts of sentiment that glorify the annals of the republic, decreed that the daughter of Johnston Blakely should be a ward of the state. She lived and died a ward of the state which claimed her father as among its most illustrious sons. And with her ended the line of the Blakelys.—Copyright, 1914, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

Johnston Blacker and Jane Hooper

It was a joy to Blakely to take Jane Hooper all over the ship and show everything and explain everything to her.

Trotting Your Way To Beauty

Not Turkey-Trotting, But Using the Saddle as a Quick and Wonderful Way to Bounding Health

Miss Jane Fuller.

By MAUD MILLER.

I WONDER where we could find any better ideas about horseback riding than we could from a regular, genuine cowgirl, who lives in the saddle from morning till night, and declares that it is the only thing in the world that a girl can depend on for absolute beauty.

"Because, you see, you get such positive results," said our ideal cowgirl, shoking her golden hair out of her eyes and smiling at me just as though she never did anything more exciting in the world than just plain embroidery. While in reality she is Miss Jane Fuller, of the 101 Ranch Show, up at Madion Square garden, who lives for hours at a time on the back of her perky little horse, and who wouldn't change her mode of living for anything in the world, "not even to live in New York and parade up and down Fifth avenue in the latest style."

"Of course, what horseback riding accomplishes faster than anything else ever could, is development. That's what I meant when I said positive results. You can just look at yourself from day to day and watch the wonders grow, and there's so much satisfaction in a thing like that.

"There are three distinct ways of development that I have noticed about horseback riding for an exercise. The first is the development of the chest muscles, and is gained first and foremost by what we call the pickup movement. That is, the swinging down from the saddle to pick up something from the ground. This may seem very much like a trick movement to those who are unused to riding and who see it done for the first time, but anyone who is at all accustomed to riding will find it a very easy thing to accomplish. If you have never ridden before of course it would be foolish to try anything like this until you have mastered the rudiments of the game. Any good sportsman will realize this fact without being told.

"The next two forms of development come right in the early stages of learning, and depend entirely upon the way a person learns to ride. If you want a pretty foot with a beautifully arched instep, learn to ride from the stirrups. Use your reins merely as an adjunct, and make the balance of the exercise rest upon the feet. You have no idea how wonderfully this exercise develops the feet.

"Then there is the balance riding, the feet resting lightly in the stirrups, the knees tightly clinched against the horse, and the strictest attention paid to the reins. Oftentimes the rider pays so little attention to the stirrups that he does not use them at all, and in this case the muscles of the arms are brought into play, and the arms are beautifully developed through rein riding.

"Of course, I am taking for granted the fact that all girls who wish to benefit greatly by riding will ride astride. Side saddle riding does really very little toward development of any kind, and often brings harm in its wake. The all-around movement that comes from horseback riding brings almost every muscle in the body into play at some time. And, of course, the wonderful advantage of being in the open air where deep breathing will have just the best effect possible is a very potent factor in bringing about the results that horseback riding is always sure to accomplish."

Unselfishness Is Golden

Service Counts For Manhood, While Ancestry, Inherited Wealth and Station in Life Mean Nothing.

By Madison C. Peters

BECAUSE of the prevalence of selfishness in the world many Pestalozzes, with cynical sneer, pass the judgment: "I learned that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man."

It is true in a large measure of all of us—we draw the line around us and like the tortoise settle there, draw our heads into our houses and let the world take care of itself, describing our feeling with Sheridan:

"I ne'er could any lustre see,
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip."

Not ancestry or inherited wealth, or station in life, but service crowns us with the royalty of manhood—service is the musk that perfumes spirituality. Service is the Geyser of the soul, melting the ice and the snow of the frozen regions, wherever its warm springs well up, there glows a southern climate. Much of the world's good is done at arm's length, through a check via a charity organization.

People Owe World Much.

The world wants men and women willing to make some return for the space they occupy on this planet. Yonder locomotive on the track is a perfect piece of machinery—she's a beauty, but she was not bought for that—she was made for service.

Only the select can penetrate the inner circle of the supremely selfish man. "Private," stares you in the face, personality has vanished from his office, and impersonal mechanism is in its place—from this inner office he sends his staff to do the work by proxy.

In business life when the transaction is of first importance the telegram is not sent, or letter written, or the confidential clerk dispatched, the man goes himself, but in the field of moral service men and women too often hold back the finest moral service that they possess.

Giving things cannot fill the measure of obligation we owe to living souls. Often what the unfortunates need most is a new endowment of moral force, the joy of a new hope, the tonic of a new courage, and these things cannot be passed to them in a check.

Lord Reforms a Man.

Lord Shaftsbury was wont to leave his palace at midnight and went down into the slums of London and diffused his sweetness through the personal touch. A great drunkard who had reformed, asked how this reformation was brought about, said, "Lord Shaftsbury did it. He put his hand on my shoulders in a friendly sort of way and said: 'Jack, you will be a man yet.'" Love electrified his soul. The world's most necessitous lives must be hunted out. The really deserving poor will perish in silence. People who parade their necessity are seldom as deserving as those who conceal it.

What this world wants is loving souls, and not charity carried on under the detective system.

Turkey Soldiers Must Use Knife and Fork Hereafter When Eating

Constantinople, Turkey, May 16.—Not since its supposedly invincible battalions were rolled back by the Bulgarian advance at Lule Burgas has the Turkish army experienced a greater shock than the order issued by the new secretary of war, Envers Bey, that hereafter all Turkish soldiers must eat with a knife and fork.

The enlisted men are not only alarmed at the prospect of handling the strange implements, but are hurt by the intimation that faithful hands, which have always served the primary purpose of conveying food to their mouths, should be deemed no longer fit for that useful service. The Turkish private is not proving an apt pupil. When his superiors are absent he squats upon the floor and devours his food in the good, old fashioned way, but at the approach of an officer he scrambles to a seat at the table and fails to wielding his new weapons with all the skill he can command.

The civilizing proces is not to stop with teaching the Turkish soldiers table manners. The edict has gone forth that he must learn to read and write.

Norwegian Crown Prince Aspires To Championship

Christiania, Norway, May 16.—The little crown prince Olay, like every Norwegian boy, is striving to become the champion ski jumper of the world. He was given his first skis at the age of three years and during the past winter, at the age of 11, he has been jumping from 40 to 50 feet. He is as clever as any boy of his age at the sport and is so enthusiastic about it that he attends all the big contests.

When king Haakon and queen Maud came to Norway in 1905, they knew nothing about winter sports, but before their first winter was over the royal pair became fascinated with skiing and, under the tutelage of Capt. Roll, the king's aid, who is one of the most expert ski runners in Norway, they became so proficient that they could compete with any native born of their age.

They found particular pleasure recently in entertaining the prince of Wales, their nephew, who tried skiing for the first time. The prince took to the Norwegian sports so readily that during the last day of his visit he made a trip to the high mountains and glaciers, a feat that is not considered light even by experienced mountain climbers. When he left for home he expressed the intention of coming back next winter, if possible.

Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am going to be married in June and I am going to have an evening wedding. Which is the proper headdress—orange blossoms or pearls? My sister wore orange blossoms and I prefer the pearls, but my mother prefers the orange blossoms. Bride.

There will be many other occasions when you may wear pearls, but this is the only occasion that permits of orange blossoms. Therefore, wear orange blossoms.

A CHAPERON IS UNNECESSARY.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 17 and frequently attend the theater with a young man one year older than I. People lately have been passing remarks about my going without a chaperon, although no one else has one. A. K. W.

In this country a chaperon on such an occasion is unnecessary. Perhaps their criticism originates in his undesirability as an escort. Are you sure he is a decent, manly man? Otherwise, even a chaperon would not make it proper to go with him.

TRY TO BE LESS SILLY.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a girl of 13, but very young for my age, and I am deeply in love with a boy of 14, but he is old for his age, seems much older than I. His mother has sent him away to school and I miss him very much. What shall I do? Heartbroken.

If you, a girl of 13, want some one to love, don't look to the cradle for that object. A boy of 14 is entirely too young, and I am surprised at you.

I HOPE NOT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 25 years old, and deeply in love with a girl of 16. I take her out about twice every week. Now, what I would like to know is if she likes me or not. Do you think she would have accepted my company if she did not care for me? S. K.

I hope no girl would accept such regular and devoted attentions from a man for whom she hasn't a deep regard. Certainly she likes you some. Make that "some" more by increased devotion.

WAIT FIVE YEARS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a young man, age 17, and am in love with a girl one year my senior. She loves me and I love her. My parents object to our being engaged. The reason of my parents' objection is because she has no parents. What would you advise me to do, as I am heartbroken? B. W.

You are a mere child—and cannot dream of taking the responsibility of marriage without the help and consent of your parents.